

The Eldest Prophecy
by The Alpha's Priestess

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Summary: What was his thoughts when he was shot down? What was his thoughts when he first bonded with a human, becoming the first ever dragon to do so? And what does it have to do with this ancient prophecy? Contains Older!Toothless and plot twists. Rated T for safety.

1. Introduction

Disclaimer: Hey, I own this movie! I have a millions of dollars at my house that I donate to the poor... SYYYKKKEE! No I don't! I wish I did though.

Two species

Two worlds

Two crippled souls

Will soon become one

When a great evil is defeated

Thirteen years earlier

An infant, no more than a year old, crawls through the cold forests of a starry night, barely covered in clothing. Tiny brown hairs grew at the top of his little head. His green eyes seemed so dark, they could blend in with the forest. He was laughing, entertaining himself with the dirt below him.

Snow was not yet on the ground, but the trees and bushes that surrounded him indicated that winter was quickly approaching. That was helped by the Northern Lights in the skies that light the infant's way. By this time of year, most animals would be hibernating, but there are some who are hunting at this time of

night.

A deafening howl could be heard throughout the land, sending chills down the spines of creatures near by. Not the infant. He was totally oblivious to the dangers all around. He heard that sound and believed it to be some type of animal he had yet to discover. Little did he know, he'd discover it soon enough.

Out of the bushes jumped a wolf, surrounding the baby boy with the will to kill in his eyes. Now the infant was scared. He tried to crawl away, but another wolf loomed out of another bush. Just like that, he was surrounded by a whole pack of hungry wolves. So he did the one and only thing he could think of.

He cried.

The wolves closed in on him, slowly but surely getting closer to their prey. BOOM! A beam of light shot in between the infant and the alpha wolf. A long, black tail slammed into two of them, knocking them against trees. The remaining three was met by a giant wing, pushing them into some of the bushes.

The wolves would not give up so easily, three of them charged at this mysterious beast. They were easily blocked by the wings and the tail. An unlucky wolf was grabbed by the leg by a strong pair of jaws and was thrown against a tree. Finally, the wolves received the message that they were not welcome at this spot and took their leave.

An old Night Fury chuckled as he watched the frightened wolves scrambled out of the area, standing defensively over the traumatized infant. His voice was low and raspy, generating into low rumbles in the human language.

Another beast, a Monstrous Nightmare landed next to him. "Are you sure this is the Chosen One, Master?" the night fury asked, lifting the baby in his paws, who was giggling gratefully to the fact that he was still alive.

"Am I ever wrong?" The Monstrous Nightmare replied, his voice raspy, yet so strong. His skin appeared to be gray, revealing that he was older than the Night Fury. "Fury, you've gotta have more faith than that."

The Night Fury sighed and observed the infant as the infant seemed to be observing him. He could see fascination and gratitude in his tiny dark green orbs of his. He touched the dragon's face, feeling the scales brush against his soft hand. The Night Fury however couldn't help but feel his heart swell. Chosen One or not, this infant was, what they call it, cute.

That is until one of his giant ears was yanked on by the infant. "Ow!" he screeched, causing the baby to laugh. He grew serious again.

"So what should we do with him, Master?"

"Take him to his home. He's not ready for his training yet."

The Night Fury nodded before placing the infant on his back, carefully taking off into the air. The stars surrounded him and the

dark allowed him to blend with the environment. The baby's hut was not very far, just a couple minutes. A couple of voices reached the Night Fury's ear.

"I can't believe he's gone." Was a gloomy female voice, whom he identified as the mother of this child that was on his back.

"We'll find him, Val. We will... I hope." Was a male voice, strong and stable. The Night Fury identified this as the father. He crept up to the wooden door, exposing himself into the fire that shone dimly next to the door on the wall.

He placed the infant on the door step. The baby yanked on his ear plates, sending pain through the old Night Fury's plates. "Ow!" he growled silently, trying not to disturb the humans inside. He couldn't help but chuckle, as he felt a little sad that he had to leave this infant alone.

He's not going to be alone, he reminded himself. "I'll take my leave here. We shall meet again, young Hiccup." With that, the old dragon released a tiny purple flame at the dim fire, creating more light around the place. He knocked on the door with his knuckles. He leaped from there, to a pole and to the roof. Then he took off into the pitch black skies before any one would ever see him.

Yeah, I just thought I'd upload an introduction. I was having a really hard time with writer's block on chapter two, so I just thought I'd make up an introduction to help out.

2. That Fateful Night

**Disclaimer: I. Own. Nothing. Not the movie. Not Toothless. Not Hiccup. Or any of that. I just own the title name and the scenes and the writing... and the idea of Toothless being an elder dragon.
**

Enjoy. :D

Chapter 1: That Fateful Night

I've seen thousands of bizarre things over the past one hundred and thirty seven years that I've been alive on this old planet. Dragons that can breathe ice instead of fire. Lands of miles and miles of hot dessert sand. The lights of all colors dancing across the majestic night skies.

But one particular human, sparing the life of a dragon even when his culture absolutely forbade it? Now there's something I'd never thought I'd live to see...

It was an average starry night no more than a human year ago. Dragons of all kinds lined up on the edge of a cliff, watching over the seemingly peaceful, small town of Berk.

"It is a beautiful night, isn't it, Fury?" An older Monstrous Nightmare next to me asked. That was Shadow and he was the dragon leader of this raid. I've been his assistant for many years.

"Yes, it is." I spoke, my low, deep and raspy voice echoing in my

large, sensitive ears. I've always thought how funny my species work. With our differing breathrens, differing sizes, and differing lifespans, we were stranger than the humans. We could be over a thousand feet long, five hundred feet tall, with eyes twice the size of a full grown male human or we could be as small as a month-old kitten. Some of us-like the Monstrous Nightmare beside me-could live for over five thousand years at a time, while some of us could live for as little as fifty years. Most are inbetween, such as the Deadly Nadders, Hideous Zippleback and others.

As for me, I'm a Night Fury, the last of my kind. We live up to one hundred eighty to two hundred years, which-compared to most dragon species-is a very short time. If there's one thing I learned from that old Nightmare beside me, it would be that age is like the seasons of the year. In the "Spring" phase, we are born and raised into childhood. Our scales are the lightest hue of blue and then they grow darker and darker as we grow. The "Summer" phase is when we are in our prime. By then, our scales are completely black, making it entirely possible to blend in with the night or any dark area. We are also ready to reproduce and start a family. Sadly, because I was the last of my kind, I wasn't exactly a hit with the ladies.

Well, I'm getting off topic, now aren't I? Anyway, we grow into our "Autumn" phase, where we reach our middle ages and our scales begin to shed and slowly start to turn gray. And then we reach the "Winter" phase. That's when our scales are completely gray and begin to turn white. We are elders by then and our internal organs begin to fail. However, you are also most powerful. You are one with the universe by then. When you are one with the universe, there is nothing you can't do. That is why the number one draconic rule is to **always **respect your elders.

I am going into that phase. If I calculated right, I'm more than half way there. I'm beginning to be one with the universe. You could call it my "late Autumn" phase if you wanted. Or if you wanted to look at it another way, you could say if I were a human, I'd be in my late sixties.

"On my signal, we attack." Shadow spoke, snapping me out of my thoughts. He turned to me, leaning to my eye level. "You know what to do."

I nodded, narrowing my eyes into slits. I let my body stiffen and unsheathed my teeth so they were out and ready. I stood tall, my chest puffing out. This has to be at least the millionth raid I've been on since first waking up on the island when I was a hatchling.

Next to me, Shadow let out a deafening draconic screetch. Just like that, the two hundred dragons around me took off into the air, flapping their wings to control the air beneath them. This raid happened like any other one. First, the sheep had to be snatched into that old Nightmare's claws and then the rest is history.

The humans shout their call, warning their species of our upcoming attack. Shouts of "Dragon attack!" echoed throughout the atmosphere. The first fire blast was blown at that same human, killing him instantly. The dragons would make their next move by swooping down and taking sheep while the humans were still coming out of their shelters. The next thing I know, the humans finally make their first

move.

BANG! There goes a Gronkle being shot down by one of their rope contraptions. That was my cue. I spread my giant bat-like wings and lifted myself off the ground. I soared through the night sky, blending in perfectly with the dark. I waited a few moments to give my old body time to gain energy.

I cleared my throat before letting out a loud, deafening screech as my only warning. Cries of "NIGHT FURY!" and "GET DOWN!" echoed in my ears with utter fright. Oh how I loved the cry of fear in the morning. It was one of the very few things in this world that made me feel like I was young again.

I tilted my wings to go for the shot.

Mouth opening.

Gas forming.

Fire bubbling.

A purple flame shot out of my mouth and aimed at the building. And BOOM! The building shattered into millions of pieces, the light from it distracting most of the humans so my brethren could snatch their food for the Queen.

The Queen... I haven't gotten to that, have I? The Red Queen is our ruler, our "mother" if you wanted to say. She is admired by many dragons, worshipped even. She is known to be this kind and gentle creature who cares for us. They say she is trying to help us regain this island from the humans, as they intruded here long ago. They say she is a gift from the gods themselves.

Forgive my language, but I say that's bullshit. It's all just a big lie. She really is a tyrant, a demon from the pits of Hell. Demons like her have the ability to control minds, which is why they worship her so much. Plus, the fact that she could take away their fire breathing forever doesn't help. She's really planning to take over the island as her own, with the dragons as her minions, which is why she uses the dragons to get her food and if they don't, she eats them. I've seen so many of them die by her hands... it was unbearable to even think about.

Anyway, I'm getting ahead of myself. Going for another shot, I tilted my wings again and pulled them in so I can get an even better aim.

Mouth opening.

High pitched screech.

Gas forming.

Fire bubbling.

Another purple flame was sent towards the same wooden contraption. And BOOM! It shattered once again into another million pieces. The fire expanded, before dimming a bit. I observed the town below me closely. Flames spread throughout their shelters. Their screams and

cries of war echoed throughout the atmosphere. Dragons being shot down by their rope contraptions and captured.

I couldn't help but flinch at the thought. These dragons were still young and vulnerable! Hatchlings and teenagers, those that still needed their parents were having their whole lives ruined before their fresh eyes. It was horrible! If I could take their place, I would do it in a heartbeat.

But I am needed as the distractor for the dragons, the "staller" if you will.

"Fury!" I heard. Shadow was next to me. "We're almost done. Give them another shot!"

"On it!" I nodded. Anything to help these young dragons escape, I silently added. I filled my throat with gas. I dove downwards towards another one of their wooden contraptions, holding in my wings to gain speed.

Screech.

Gas.

Fire.

Boom! That wooden contraption exploded into pieces. I flew upwards to gain altitude, observing in relief that at least some of the captured dragons managed to escape the humans' cruel grasp. Keyword: some. But still, some is always better than none.

I've always thought the universe worked in funny ways. "Karma has a way of getting back at you," they say. "Good things come to those who wait," they say. "Be careful what you wish for," they say. "If I could take their place, I would do it in a heartbeat," I said. Little did I know I would get my wish.

Time froze as a sudden rope threw itself around me, holding my wings and limbs tightly against me. I tried to escape, but it was too fast. I tried flapping my wings, but they were held against my body so tight to where it was bone crushing and I could hardly breathe. Before I knew it, I was falling, letting loose a loud, frustrated scream.

It seemed like forever as I was falling. The clear night sky grew farther and farther away, as though the stars were looking down at me in disappointment. The ground grew closer and closer, as though the pits of hell was welcoming me. I closed my eyes and curled myself into a ball, preparing myself for the final impact that may or may not end my life.

Boom! I crashed into a tree, who knows how many splinters cutting into my side. My weight caused it to bend, wood breaking in doing so. I rolled in the dirt, leaving a trail of debris. Splinters dug deeper into my side, causing my blood to gush out a little. I rolled off a small cliff, groaning in the increase of pain it sent to my side to slam into a boulder. I rolled off that, and finally landed on soft dirt and grass.

The pain... the tearing pain. Pains in my side, my wings, my tail. My

entire body was in an entire ocean of pain. It was too strong for me to take, too deep, too much. I didn't even have the energy to scream my pain out. Instead I blacked out, my vision turning from pitch black to pure white in less than a second.

Review please!

3. Shot Down

Chapter two: Shot Down

Pain. Everywhere. It was just as bad as before. That's how I knew I was still amongst the world of the living.

I searched for a way out of this heavy rope. I was surrounded by a forest of trees, bushes, dirt and grass. It was a vast place here; I've been away from this kind of ground for so long I had almost forgotten how big it was. But alas, there was no twig or small rock that could get me out of here. I tried struggling to see if my talons could cut this rope, but the rope tightened around me, making it harder to breathe.

Wait, I think I hear something.

I froze, opening my ears to listen closely. Thumps in the dirt, twigs breaking, I figured it was just some forest creature.

But then mumbling was heard. I couldn't detect the words, but I could definitely detect that the sounds was coming from a human. He was male and very young, between the ages of fourteen and sixteen. Despite his soft voice, I could instantly tell he was from the Viking clan. He must have been the one who shot me down, I assumed.

He was coming closer, I could tell by the volume increase of his mumbling. That's when I realized he was coming for me.

Quick! Fake your death! My mind demanded me. I knew I had to obey. As quickly as that, I closed my eyes and allowed myself to go limb. I held my breath, knowing that most dragons could hold their breath for longer than five minutes.

Dirt sliding, thumping growing louder til I could hear his breathing. I could instantly tell that he was precisely behind that boulder I hit earlier.

"Oh wow! I-I did it!" he mumbled, I could sense teh feeling of victory going through his mind and body. "Oh I did it! This fixes everything! Yes! I have brought down this mighty beast!"

Yep, just as I suspected. He definitely was the one who had shot me down. He had stomped his foot on me, making it difficult to hold my breath any longer. I twitched my shoulder, letting out a low groan.

He stumbled back, I could sense that pride quickly turning into fear. His heart was pounding, his breathing quickened and his mind was racing. It was like he had just come across his first dragon.

Well...

He appraoched me slowly with-what I could smell-a blade. I'm breathing heavily; half from fearing the worst, half from just having my breath restored. I opened my eyes, deciding it was time to take a look at this young human.

The boy standing before me didn't look like any of the other humans I've seen. He was small, and fragile. I could break him like a twig. He was dressed in a long, green shirt, coated by a furry brown vest with a belt at the waist in the same color. Short, wavy, golden brown hair blew slightly in the wind at the top of his head. His bangs almost covered his green eyes.

Green eyes.

The boy had dark green eyes. I couldn't figure out why, but those eyes of his looked oddly familiar.

Not that it mattered. He was going to kill me; it was in his nature. I did sense fear in him, indicating that he was nervous to do this. But still...

With one deep breath and a tighten on his hold of the blade, he began whispering these haunting words. "I'm gonna kill you, dragon. I'm gonna cut out your heart and take it to my father. I'm a Viking."

Viking? Is that what the humans call themselves?

"**I'M A VIKING!**" He yelled, bending down little ways to face me.

Accepting my fate, I closed my eyes and let loose a small groan of defeat. My head fell to the ground and my neck was completely exposed. My thoughts transferred to last night, replaying the scene in my head.

Shadow. He was my master, my mentor, my old friend. He was the first thing I saw waking up on that gods-forsaken nest as a hatchling. He took me in and taught me the ways of the dragons such as flying and breathing fire. He was one of the oldest of the dragons, making him one of the most respected, besides the Queen. He seemed like he was immortal, as he was over four thousand years old. I wonder how he'd feel when I'm gone.

My childhood. It wasn't exactly the best, as the Queen treated me like I was her slave. Hell, I **was** her slave. I use to think she was a godess sent from the Heavens above. But after being her right hand dragon for fifty years, I saw that she was a complete tyrant. She'd kill and replace me in a heartbeat. She didn't care about my breathren, she just wanted her food.

Last night. I thought about what had happened. Shadow; The young dragons dying by the hands of the humans; being thrown out of the skies. I rememebered what I had prayed for. "If I could take their places, I would in a heartbeat." I didn't know it would actually happen.

It didn't matter. I was ready to die. I've lived under her control

for too long. If it was my time, then it was my time. It's only life.

Wait, I'm still alive? I haven't even felt the death blow yet. I couldn't help but wonder to myself, is he really going to end me? Of course, he had to. He was a Viking-or whatever he called it. But why hasn't it happened yet?

To figure this out, I study the boy, to feel his thoughts and feelings. A mixture of guilt, grief and shame were the emotions I sensed. But what for?

"I did this..." he drifted off, I could feel him step back away from me. A quiet moment passed til I felt a tug at the ropes, with the sound of a whizz.

Whizz.

Whizz.

Snap!

What's going on? Is he freeing me? It's not a trap, is it?

Whizz.

Whizz.

Snap!

I wasn't going to take any chances. No human would free a dragon without a good reason. It was logically impossible. Wait for it...

Whizz.

Whizz.

Snap!

As if a lightning bold of energy had stricken me, I bolted upright and pounced on him to pin him against the boulder. My paws are over his neck, there was no way to escape. I was the superior one. I looked him right in the eye, observing as he trembled in fear below me. Now it was his turn to be scared.

But then something hit me. I realized why his eyes looked so familiar before. Those eyes, that face, that hair! This is the infant my master and I saved thirteen years ago! This is the infant who once feared nothing in that forest. This is the infant that my master saw as the Chosen One.

I couldn't believe my eyes. This child was so lithe, unlike all the others. He was an unlikely choice for the Chosen One. How can a talking toothpick be the most powerful being in the universe? You'd expect someone bigger, more muscular. But as I looked into those eyes, studying them, observing them, I began to understand why he was chosen.

I saw a kind of light I've never seen in any other human being in my day: An open heart. Potential. Courage. Wisdom. Kindness. But I can also see regrets, sorrow, **loneliness**. Why was he so lonely? I couldn't help but wonder. Perhaps no one likes him, maybe? Or his parents may have abandoned him?

I detected his thoughts, hearing things like Why can't I get anything right? Am I worthy enough?

****Am I worthy enough?** ****The question that used to go through my mind when I was his age. He seems to be just like me when I was young. I saw myself in him. That's why I couldn't kill him.**

Instead, I sunk my claws a little deeper into his chest and placed my other one on his forehead. I close my eyes to begin concentrating my chi I learned from my master on his heart. I took a few deep breaths to take in the earth's energy until I feel the heat coming from my paw transferring to his body. A blue wave of light smothered his body, exploring thoroughly and then disappeared.

I stepped off him, breathing heavily. Chi takes a lot of one's energy, which is why I don't use it very often. Another reason is that if you don't perform it right, anything could happen. Hell, I turned a dog into a cow once. But it is not something to laugh at. If it is not used carefully, it could kill you instantly.

The boy gasped for air, then grabbed about his body to check for changes. Same skin, same hair, same clothing, same face. He sighed in relief when he found nothing had changed.

I let him catch his breath for a few seconds before I began. "Hatchling, think fast!" With that, I blew a purple flame at the boy. He responded with a gasp of fear and ducked, the flame missing by an inch. I blew another, he dodged. And another, he dodged.

"Good, good!" I told him, impressed with his speed. Then I tried another offense. I swung my tail at him, aiming for his feet. He jumped just in time. I aimed for the head with my wing this time, he responded by throwing himself to the ground.

He was too scared of me, so he tried to crawl away from me. But before he could, I jumped him again, pinning him in place. He gasped in fear again, on the verge to scream.

I stepped off him again and began speaking immediately. "Your speed is well done." I told him firmly. "But you must work on your stance. It is important that you stay on your feet at all times."

The boy however was staring at me as though he had just seen an alien lifeform. "...You can talk," was all he could stutter out.

No shit, Captain Obvious. "I've been talking all my life, thank you very much." I pointed out sarcastically, rolling my eyes.

"How...?" He blinked, as though he was letting this reality sink in.

"You just couldn't understand me until now, Hiccup." I explained to him. "The technique I used on you gave you the ability to speak to dragons."

"How do you know my name? Who are you?" he asked, still obviously shocked by all this.

"Meet me here tomorrow morning and I will explain everything." With that, I took my leave, expecting to meet with the skies. Instead, I was met with trees and boulders.

Smash! I slammed into a boulder. "Ow! What the—" I couldn't even finish. I tried flapping again, but I couldn't seem to gain a higher altitude. In fact, I just seemed to be losing altitude. I ended up face to face with another boulder. It hurt, sending shockwaves of tearing pain back into my body. But this wasn't the end of it.

I found myself to be falling off what seemed to be a cliff. No, canyon was the correct term. I braced myself, spreading my wings out in hopes that it would act as a parachute of some sort. But I was falling too fast. My wings didn't slow me down one bit. Before I knew it, I landed with a hard thud.

Landed did not seem right. No. Crashed was more like it. Instant shockwaves of pain entered my body. I couldn't hold it in anymore. I let out a terrifying screech of pain.

This hurt. It really did. The pain was too strong! I couldn't move. I couldn't breathe, at least not without my chest hurting like hell. It was as if my body was scorched up in my own flames. All I could do was lie there and think of the near future.

4. First Meeting

I. Own. Nothing. Nuff said.

Chapter three: First Meeting

The next morning was a peaceful one. The sun was shining, the air was warm and the birds were chirping. The skies were a light hue of blue, with only very few clouds. The moon could still be seen as it set in the west for another day. I looked around to observe this place, now that it was light enough to do so.

Walls of rock and granite surround this canyon, standing up to thirty feet above ground. Trees and vines grew from the rocky walls. The sun's early morning light shone on the tips, slowly but surely making its way to the ground. I was laying on soft, tender grass. Before me was a large body of water...

Water. I could really use some right now, I decided. I got up on my feet and moved towards the lake to take a drink of refreshment. A few fishes caught my eye and I let out a low chuckle. "Well hello." I spoke silently before diving my head into the lake to grab them, but a sharp pain in my tail made my jaws miss them by a long shot. I lifted my head to look at my tail to discover what probably would be the most horrifying truth a dragon can face.

My tail fin was missing. Yes, you read right. My tail fin was **missing**. That's why I couldn't fly correctly! "A downed dragon is a dead dragon," my master once told me. Damn.

"Okay, Fathermore, you can do this." I told myself, keeping myself calm. "It's just your left tail fin. You've lost things much worse than that. You can survive this." It was really hard to believe it though. I was going to die in this canyon. Starvation, hypothermia from the cold winter days, take your pick. I hung my head in defeat. "What do I do now, Shadow?"

As though my master had heard my prayers, I felt a presence a long distance behind me. "I know you're there, Hiccup. You might as well come out now." I told him firmly, detecting him hiding behind a boulder.

Hiccup stepped out of his hiding spot, nervous about seeing me. To be honest, I wouldn't blame him. If I was coming across a species that were supposed to be harmful would be quite frightening for me too. But right now wasn't a time to be scared. Now was a time to be serious.

"Come closer." I commanded.

He took a small baby step towards me.

"Closer."

Another baby step.

Oh for the love of- "All the way, boy! I'm not going to bite your head off!"

He picked up his pace and stood next to me. Damn, he was taller than I thought. He was about my height when I was sitting up right. There was a moment of silence before he spoke. "Okay. I'm here. Who are you and what is going on?"

"Patience, Hiccup. We will get to that in a moment." I pointed to the lake with my nose. "Come take a look at your reflection. What do you see?"

"Myself?" he guessed, not getting it.

"Wrong."

"The son of a chief?"

"Try again." I told him.

The boy took a few moments to think. "A screw up?"

"Close, but keep thinking."

Another moment of silence. "Unlike the rest of my tribe?"

"Yes. That is why you are here." I looked him in the eye to explain this, placing a wing on his back. "You are special, Hiccup."

"Me? Special? Yeah right." The boy turned back to the lake, frowning in denial.

"Let me finish!" I almost snapped, then calmed myself. I turned his head to face me with my tail so he can look at me. "When you were

born, my master saw something in you the same way I did yesterday in those woods."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I saw potential, kindness, an open heart, most traits I don't see in other humans. You're the Chosen One, Hiccup."

"Chosen One? What's that?"

"There's an ancient prophecy: Two species. Two worlds. Two crippled souls. Will soon be one when a great evil is defeated. There is a great evil among us and you are to destroy it once and for all," I explained.

"Me? Hold on. So you're saying that I'm supposed to defeat your 'great evil'? I hate to break it to ya, dragon, but I'm not a hero!"

"Do not underestimate who you are, young rider. You are stronger than what you believe." Which reminds me... "Have you forgotten that wolf attack those years ago?"

Hiccup gasped and looked at me as though I was the craziest dragon in the world. "No one knows about that but my dad! How'd you know?"

"I was there. I saved you from those wolves because my master believed you were the Chosen One."

"That was you?! I thought it was only a dream!"

I couldn't help but chuckle at his reaction. "Some memories are so distant, they seem like dreams." I gave him a small smile before growing serious again. "Two worlds, two crippled souls. I am one of those crippled souls." I showed him my tail to prove my point.

"So are you saying that you are my dragon?" Hiccup asked.

It was then that I realized that I had lost my tail fin for a reason. It was no accident that I had lost my tail fin. "There is no such thing as an accident," my master once told me. Hiccup is the Chosen One and I am the reincarnation of Mordred, whom I will get to later. But for now, this is what matters. So I finished with these words:

"And you are my rider."

5. Decisions

Do I own HTTYD? I wish I did. Then I'd make this story canon!

Chapter four: Decisions

"Can we stop now? We've been meditating for hours!"

Hours? It's only been thirty minutes, Hiccup, I wanted to tell him. But I ignored him, keeping my eyes securely closed. After all, the first thing he needed to learn is to bring himself to peace.

I heard him sigh quietly. A moment of silence pass and then I hear what seems to be etching in the dirt. "What are you doing?" I asked him.

"Drawing," he replied.

Drawing? I shook my head, assuming it was one of his human customs. Now don't get me wrong, I would be more than happy to learn more about his human customs. But now was not the time. "Put the stick away."

He sighed again, dropping the stick and kicking it away from him. "Now try to concentrate. Relax yourself. Find your happy place," I instructed. "Like this." I sat tall, inhaling and exhaling for a few quiet moments before my chest came to a stop. I imagine myself in a green, peaceful meadow. Surprisingly soft grass brush against my scales. A soft breeze blows through my ear plates. Sounds of birds singing flows throughout the atmosphere. The skies are a bright hue of blue. The sun could be seen in the west, while our majestic planet of Earth could be seen in the East.

"Hello? Mr. Old Dragon? Are you in there?" I snapped out of my thoughts and looked down at the teen. "You stopped breathing."

"Ah, that's the beauty of meditating," I explained. "You look like you're not breathing, but you really are on the inside." Or at least that's how the dragons did it, I silently added. I wasn't sure if humans could breathe on the inside, but there is no harm in trying after all.

"Uhh yeah, that's kind of hard to do with all this pressure," He sighed in frustration. I knew just the thing to rid him of that. It worked every time for me when I was his age.

"Hiccup, go run around the canyon."

"What?" he gasped, the questions, Am I in trouble already? What did I do now? running through his head. I couldn't understand why though. It must've been another one of his human customs.

"Go. Run. Around the canyon." I repeated firmly.

He hesitated, then got up on his feet. I listened as his footsteps grew fainter and fainter til I could barely hear them. I sighed, relaxing myself into a calmer state. This time, I imagined myself on a peaceful beach. It was night, the moon and stars shining directly overhead. The soft texture of the sand relaxed my feet below me. The relaxing sounds of the waves crashing the shore echoed through my ears. "Oh yeah," I muttered, the relaxation coming over me.

The feeling didn't last long though as I was interrupted by a pair of running feet and the sound of panting coming from the boy behind me. "What was that for?" he asked me as if the run was some sort of punishment. Don't ask me why! I'm not a human.

"Do you feel better?" I returned, turning my head to him.

The boy paused as though he had been hit by an unexpected force. He thought about it. "Yeah, I actually do, now that I think about

it."

"That run got your mind off things, now didn't it?"

"Huh, yeah it did!"

I chuckled. "Good. From now on, before meditation, I want you to run a couple...uhh... what do you call it?" I couldn't remember the correct term to fit this statement. But in my defense, I'm getting old! My memory is slowly starting to fail me! Also I would like to point out that I was not at all that good with human terms. I'm a dragon for gods' sake!

"Laps?" Hiccup finished it for me.

"Yes, thank you, boy. It'll help you rid your frustration." Well now, it is getting late in the morning, now isn't it? "You're dismissed."

"What? That's it?"

"For now, yes. You have other things to tend to." I told him wisely. Now he was looking at me like I was a god again, as if he was wondering how the hell I knew about his other plans. But he shook it off.

"Okay." he smiled, bowing to me. "Thank you... uhh, I didn't get your name."

"Just call me Fathermore. Or some other name if you're comfortable with it. Just show a little respect and put a "Master" in front of it, will ya?" I gave him a sly smile.

"Okay. Thank you, Master Fathermore." With that, he took off running towards the exit in the canyon.

"Be back tomorrow morning!" I shouted after him. "And bring back a fish or two, will ya? I'm famished down here!"

By now, he was at the top of the rocks. "On it!" he replied, waving at me before disappearing out of the cavern, leaving me to my own thoughts.

I chuckled to myself, laying myself on the ground. Hiccup. He was so young, so full of life. He reminded me of my own childhood. Looking back on it, I couldn't believe how long it's been since I had my last belly ride down a steep snowy hill. I couldn't believe how long it's been since I last played lurk and chase with my buddies. I couldn't believe how long it's been since I last... saw my family. I sighed sadly, harsh memories starting to flood my brain.

But I shook it off. Now was not the time to be mourning. Instead, I thought about the boy once again. I was beginning to like the child. He was more like me than I thought. I had a feeling it was going to be fun to train him. Well now, I thought to myself. An old dragon needs his rest. I closed my eyes peacefully and allowed myself to drift into sleep.

My dream was like a flashback of my life; from my most cherished memories to my most haunting ones. I remembered my family; my mother,

father and my older sister, Artemis. My father would hunt for deer and elk for us to eat, while my mother would stay and watch over us. I guess you could say we were a very traditional family back then.

I remember the winter days, the best days of all. It was our favorite time of year, mostly because of the snow. Artemis and I could come up with so many things to do with the snow that even my father lost count. Snow fights, building snow furies, sliding on out bellies down a vast, steep hill, you name it. But the sliding has always been my favorite thing to do. I loved the wind that blew through my plates and the feeling of cool snow on my belly. Artemis would race down vast hills all the time.

When we arrived back at the family cave, my mother would cook (Yes, we actually cooked back then. We had the breath for it.) her sweet Icelandic cod to warm us up for bed time. Just before then, our father would tell such fascinating stories of Mordred, who was a night fury who lived over two thousand years ago. (You'll learn more about him later on, I promise.)

But one day I woke up and everything changed. Our island was really a super volcano, just waiting to release its fury. The night furies never discovered this til it was too late. I couldn't remember much of it as in I was really young back then, but it all started with a boom. The next thing I know, the entire island was being engulfed in lava and its powerful flames.

That was the last I saw of my family or my kind. (Until I met my dear nephew-who I will get to later-at least.) I woke up on the dragon island with no memory of my family whatsoever. My master was hovering over me, wondering if I was alright. He took me in that day and began teaching me the ways of the dragons. I've been living and working there since.

I snapped my eyes open, waking up with a jolt. My heart pounded in my chest as I breathed heavily on the green grass below me. Observing the stars that glittered across the skies, I realized it was night time. I yawned, stretching my body before sitting up on my rump. I let out a deep sigh, my thoughts transferring to my dream. It was always at this time of year that I dream about my past. The super volcano eruption happened over one hundred twenty years ago and yet it feels like only yesterday.

But once again, now was no time for grief. I could do that once the war is over. Right now, I had my student to worry about. I climbed up a rock to meditate some more, thinking of what I will and will not teach him. Of course, I need to get him into shape. He's practically a talking toothpick. I'll definitely teach him how to fly dragons; I am chosen to help him in the battle after all. But first, he needs to figure out how he'll find me a new tail.

I will decide the rest later, but for now, meditation would do me some good tonight. After all, it is best that I take this one step at a time. I climbed upon a rock formation and sat on my rump. I closed my eyes and let myself drift into my happy place. Who knows? I might even receive a vision.

Okay, I didn't know you had to ask for reviews on this site. I understand some of you might be busy, but I do like to hear from you. All of you. So with that being said, REVIEW PLEASE!

6. Visions

Me no owny How to Train Your Dragony. Just sayin.

Chapter five: Visions

Morning came by as quick as the speed of sound, the sun already shining upon the tips of the rock hills that surrounded this canyon. I was still meditating and just as suspected, I had a vision.

It was a cloudy day, very little blue sky shined in the midday sky. Ships scattered about the seas, but all heading up North. There was a tall muscular man in a scaled suit, eying the North harshly as though he sought revenge. Then I saw a young Monstrous Nightmare locked in a cage with a whole lot of humans watching him. He was angry, as though one could have killed his mate. Then there was fire. Absolutely nothing but fire. It was like a never-ending pool of flames coming at you with top speed.

"No! Don't hurt him!" were the desperate, haunting words that echoed through my mind. "Please don't hurt him!"

"Put it with the others."

"Lead us home... devil."

I shivered at that word. I hated that word. I despised it.

Plop!

My eyes snapped open and my ears twitched. A couple thumps later and I can instantly tell that Hiccup was here. I crouched onto the rock, keeping low to stay hidden. Hiccup was scanning the fields, searching for me. However, it seemed that he felt like he was being watched. (Well...) Waiting... waiting... almost there, Hiccup, just a little closer... NOW!

I pounced on him, knocking him to his belly, causing him to yelp in surprise. I pinned him onto the ground, holding my paw against his mouth to keep him from screaming. "Always expect the unexpected." I whispered into his ear.

He nodded in fright and I released him from my hold. I reached my paw out for his so I could pull him to his feet. Then I straightened myself so I could explain. "When you are in an unknown place, you'll never know what may be lurking in the simplest spots. You'll never know what may be watching you or even hunting you. It could be a bird watching you simply out of curiosity, or it could be a predator waiting for the right moment to strike. Unless you know the place really well, stay alert at all times."

He nodded again, fully understanding my concept.

"Now I will attack you again, I hope you have worked on your stance. But for now," I sat on my rump. "Have you brought me fish like I requested?"

He removed his vest, pulling out what I identified to be a single

Icelandic cod. "It was all I could find."

"One fish, or one hundred fish; either one is better than none. Now show me I can trust you."

"What?" he asked, dumbfounded.

"When you come across a dragon, your best chance of survival is to show the dragon that he can trust you. For most dragons, you must first start with the gentle approach. Treat them with respect, for they have emotions too and you never know what they've been through. Because you can understand our native tongue, you can even find out their favorite food and offer it to them as a truce. Now, approach me." It was then that the smell of metal hit my nose. "You may want to get rid of that blade of yours first."

He opened his vest, revealing a blade as I suspected. He took it out and dropped it on the grass. He kicked it into the lake before giving me another questioning look. I couldn't help but roll my eyes.

"Unless you want your head bitten off, it's best to have no weapons near you when you do this."

"But what if the dragon attacks?" he asked.

"Dragons are very trustworthy creatures, young one. It is highly against the Ancient Codes that a dragon would betray one's trust. They would only attack you if you attack them or their loved ones first. Chances are, you will be okay."

"Ancient Codes?" he once again asked.

Oh for the love of—"I will explain that later. For now, show me that I can trust you."

Hiccup hesitated carefully before taking a few steps towards me. He held out the fish for me. Now it was my turn. I crept towards him carefully, retracting my teeth and opening my mouth wide.

"Huh toothless," he observed. "I could've sworn you had—"

Growing rather impatient, I withdrew my teeth and snatched the fish away from him. I chewed on it, my teeth slicing it in half as I savoured the salty and juicy flavor. Just the way I like them, I thought to myself.

"Teeth," he finished, blinking at me as if I had grown two heads. Before I could reply, I sensed that he was hungry. Didn't his tribe feed him this morning? I asked myself. Surely they had to in order to keep this young boy alive. No matter, I will have to do this anyway. I gained up on him, creeping towards him to get close enough.

Of course, just out of human instinct, he dropped onto his rear and scooted as far away from me until I had him backed up against a boulder. I still kept close to him so I can do this. I began pushing my stomach, bringing up the tail half of the fish. Up the stomach, to the digestive system, to the throat and out it went onto his lap.

"Ugh," he spoke, rather disgusted.

"There," I spoke, backing away from him to give him room and sat on my rump. "Eat up, child. You will need it."

"Wait, I have to eat this thing!?" He exclaimed. Just when he thought I couldn't get any crazier.

"Sharing fish is a traditional ritual between two dragons to show no harm to each other. It gives them the nutrition they need and it is the first step to trust."

"I'm not a dragon." he pointed out.

"But you are the Chosen One and as the Chosen One, it is your responsibility to learn the ways of the dragon. Eat."

He sighed, reluctantly holding up the fish and taking a bite. Then he held it out to me as if he wanted me to eat the rest. "Now swallow," I commanded.

He gave me yet another funny look, most likely thinking, This dragon is crazy! He did swallow, albeit rather reluctant.

"There. Wasn't that delicious?" I asked him, satisfied.

"Delicious?" Another funny look. "More like raw!"

"That's the best part!" I chuckled.

A silence passed between us and he was giving me that look like I had grown two heads. "You have a lot to learn," I sighed. "Go take your lap or whatever you wish to call it."

With that, he pushed himself to his feet. He began sprinting, his footsteps growing fainter by the foot. I relaxed myself, watching as he dashed through the grass, dirt, puddles, and bushes of the wilderness. I couldn't help but think of my childhood again. My master taught me how to sprint like that just in case my wings broke. I remember the splashes, the splinters, the branch slaps in the face. Sprinting was the toughest thing for me, especially for a dragon like me. These wings made it hard not to trip every five minutes, not to mention my tail making it harder to drag. I couldn't help but chuckle at the memory.

The boy returned from his jog, snapping me out of my thoughts. To be honest, this boy was much better at sprinting than I was at his age. "Come. Let us meditate." I told him firmly.

He nodded, taking a seat in the grass next to me. I began. "There are two ways to meditate. The most common, yet most unknown way is to simply think about your life, your discoveries, creations, friends, family, your place in the world in general. You simply ask yourself: Am I doing this for me? Or for others? What do I want? Will my creations work? Where will I end up in the future? Questions that have to do with you and your surroundings. It's the one thing that you do every single second of your life. You simply think. It's how your brain grows smarter and how you, yourself grow wiser. No matter what you do or where you will end up in life, you are thinking every day, every hour, every second of your life and you will never stop until your time is over. That's Simple Meditation."

He nodded, getting my point.

I continued. "The most seen, yet most difficult type is Spiritual Meditation. It's more complicated than just sitting in a criss cross position and making sounds. When you meditate spiritually, you will be contacting the Spirit Realm. This is the type of meditating I will teach you. You will need spiritual guidance for the hard task that you are about to face."

"Okay, what must I do?" he asked.

"There are six steps to this. The first five are the Five Jars, which I will explain later. But now, we will start with the basics." I approached the lake. "Come take a look at your reflection. What do you see?"

"Myself?" he guessed, probably thinking that I'd correct him.

"Right!" I dipped my tail into the water and pulled it out, watching as ripples began spreading throughout the area. "Now what do you see?"

"My reflection is blurry."

"Exactly. You see, your reflection is like a mirror, while the ripples are like the cracks. Life is a big, vast ocean. Not all of it will be smooth sailing. There will be obstacles you will be forced to face. Some are good, and some are bad. The good ones will lead you to greater things, while the bad ones will lead you into depression. But if you keep sailing, you will find land. However, there will be scars that will come back to haunt you. The key is to make peace with those scars."

He nodded at me, before frowning and hanging his head down.

I continued. "You have indeed suffered a rough past. There are certainly scars in your eyes. But the key to making peace with those scars is to let go, even for a moment. Once you do that, you are at your most powerful. You will be like a tsunami. Nothing can get in your way, nor slow you down."

"Okay, so when do we start?" he asked.

"We will begin the first step today. But tomorrow, I need another way to fly. You must find a way to make me a new tail fin by tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?"

I rolled my eyes in annoyance. "I swear, if you question me like that again, you'll be running a mile for the next week." I didn't mean to snap at him, but I was growing really tired of his doubt. I understand this must be a real pressure on him, as it is on me too. He has to defeat the Queen and I have to teach him the ways of the dragon in order to do it. That's been my destiny since the day I was born into this old world, just like it's been his destiny to defeat the Queen.

But it wasn't like we had all the time in the world to prepare. The

Queen has grown more and more powerful over the past thousand years on this island. As I mentioned before, she is planning to take over this island as her own. That meant destroy all life on this island-hell, it's not just this island. It's the entire country and possibly the entire world. All life-including humans, dragons (aside from her strongest and most loyal dragon minions) and other animals alike are going to fall. It'll be nothing but desolate land.

If you think I'm just assuming this, I'll have you know that I was there. I was there when she discussed her plan with her right hand dragons. Hell, I was one of her right hand dragons. At the time, I was really young... and very very stupid. Not stupid in a way you'd think, but stupid enough to fall for her. Stupid enough to trust her. Stupid enough to think that I could earn her love. She was our mother, for gods' sakes! What child didn't want a mother's love? Especially after she's told me how my family had abandoned me and left me for dead on that island. (Which was a big lie, I discovered later on.)

I shook my head rapidly, snapping myself out of my thoughts. Gods, I hated it when I drifted off into my past. I turned to the boy with a serious face. "I know this is a great burden upon you, as it is on me too. But the evil power is growing stronger by the minute, which provides you less and less time. Everything I do, everything I preach, I do so with a reason. So you must do exactly as I say without any questions. Promise me you'll do that!"

"I will." Hiccup told me, giving me a look like he finally realized what was going on.

"Good." I let out a deep sigh. "Let's begin."

Review please!

End
file.